Pre-Raphaelite Ballads
By William Morris

Of this edition of Pre-Raphaelite Ballads there have been printed five hundred numbered copies on "Old Stratford" paper, and one hundred numbered large paper copies on Imperial Japanese paper, of which numbers one to ten inclusive have been specially bound in full English vellum and the initials drawn in and hand illuminated by H. M. O'Kane.

This copy is number 80 of the edition on "Old Stratford" paper.

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By

William Morris

With many illustrations and decorative borders in black and white ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ by

H. M. O'Kane

Now done into type from the original text and reprinted by

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Two Red Roses Across the Moon

THERE was a lady lived
in a hall,
Large in the eyes, and
slim and tall;
And ever she sung from
noon to noon,
Two red roses across the moon.

THERE was a knight came riding by
In early spring, when the roads were dry;
And he heard that lady sing at the noon,
Two red roses across the moon.

YET none the more he stopp'd at all,
But he rode a-gallop past the hall;
And left that lady singing at noon,
Two red roses across the moon.

BECAUSE, forsooth, the battle was set,
And the scarlet and blue had got to be met,
He rode on the spur till the next warm noon;
Two red roses across the moon.

Two Red Roses Across the Moon
Verses 1-4

Two Red Roses Across the Moon
Verses 5-8

BUT the battle was scatter'd from hill to hill,
from the windmill to the watermill;
And he said to himself, as it near'd the noon,
Two red roses across the moon.

YOU scarce could see for the scarlet and blue,
A golden helm or a golden shoe:
So he cried, as the fight grew thick at the noon,
Two red roses across the moon.

VERILY then the gold bore through
The huddled spears of the scarlet and blue;
And they cried, as they cut them down at the noon,
Two red roses across the moon.

I trow he stopp'd when he rode again
By the hall, though draggled sore with the rain;
And his lips were pinch'd to kiss at the noon
Two red roses across the moon.

UNDER the may she stoop'd to the crown,
All was gold, there was nothing of brown;
And the horns blew up in the hall at noon,
Two red roses across the moon.

HERE ends the Ballad of Two Red Roses Across the Moon and now follows the Ballad In Praise of My Lady

Two Red Roses Across the Moon
Verse 9

In Praise of My Lady

MY Lady seems of ivory
forehead, straight nose,
and cheeks that be
Hollow'd a little mourn-
fully.
Beata mea Domina!

HER forehead, overshadow'd much
By bows of hair, has a wave such
As God was good to make for me.
Beata mea Domina!

NOT greatly long my lady's hair,
Nor yet with yellow colour fair,
But thick and crisped wonderfully:
Beata mea Domina!

HEAVY to make the pale face sad,
And dark, but dead as though it had
Been forged by God most wonderfully.
Beata mea Domina!

In Praise of My Lady
Verses 1-4

In Praise of My Lady
Verses 5-8

Of some strange metal, thread by thread,
To stand out from my lady's head,
Not moving much to tangle me.
Beata mea Domina!

BENEATH her brows the lids fall slow,
The lashes a clear shadow throw
Where I would wish my lips to be.
Beata mea Domina!

HER great eyes, standing far apart,
Draw up some memory from her heart,
And gaze out very mournfully;
Beata mea Domina!

SO beautiful and kind they are,
But most times looking out afar,
Waiting for something, not for me.
Beata mea Domina!

I WONDER if the lashes long
Are those that do her bright eyes wrong,
For always half tears seem to be
Beata mea Domina!

LURKING below the underlid,
Darkening the place where they lie hid—
If they should rise and flow for me!
Beata mea Domina!

HER full lips being made to kiss,
Curl'd up and pensive each one is;
This makes me faint to stand and see.
Beata mea Domina!

HER lips are not contented now,
Because the hours pass so slow
Towards a sweet time: (pray for me),
Beata mea Domina!

In Praise of My Lady
Verses 9-12

In Praise of My Lady
Verses 13-16

NAY, hold thy peace! for who can tell;
But this at least I know full well,
Her lips are parted longingly.
Beata mea Domina!

SO passionate and swift to move,
To pluck at any flying love,
That I grow faint to stand and see.
Beata mea Domina!

YEA! there beneath them is her chin,
So fine and round, it were a sin
To feel no weaker when I see
Beata mea Domina!

GOD'S dealings; for with so much care
And troublous, faint lines wrought in there,
He finishes her face for me.
Beata mea Domina!

Of her long neck what shall I say?
What things about her body's sway
Like a knight's pennon or slim tree
Beata mea Domina!

Set gently waving in the wind;
Or her long hands that I may find
On some day sweet to move o'er me!
Beata mea Domina!

God pity me though, if I miss'd
The telling, how along her wrist
The veins creep, dying languidly
Beata mea Domina!

Inside her tender palm and thin,
Now give me pardon, dear, wherein
My voice is weak and vexes thee.
Beata mea Domina!

In Praise of My Lady
Verses 17-20

In Praise of My Lady
Verses 21-22

ALL men that see her any time,
I charge you straightly in this rhyme,
What, and wherever you may be,
Beata mea Domina!

TO kneel before her; as for me,
I choke and grow quite faint to see
My lady moving graciously.
Beata mea Domina!

HERE ends the Ballad
In Praise of My Lady

HERE follows the Ballad
of The Tune of Seven Towers

The Tune of Seven Towers

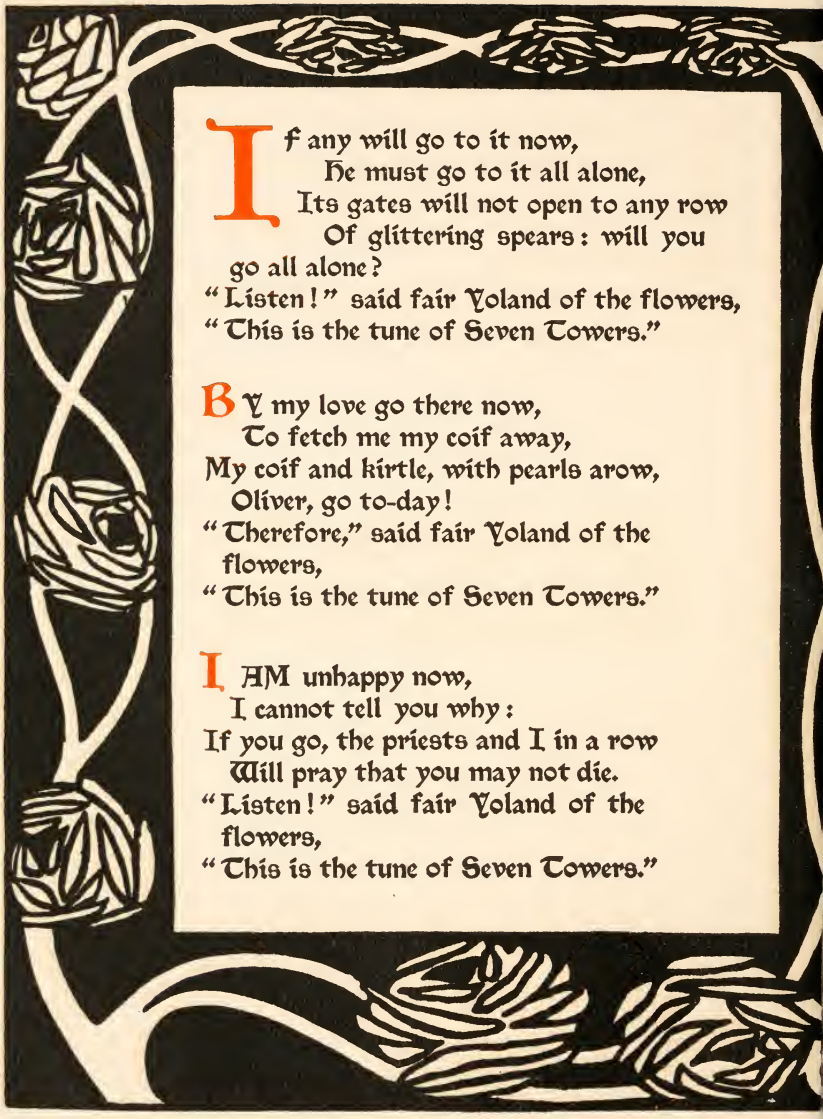
NO one goes there now:
for what is left to fetch
away
from the desolate battlements all arow,
And the lead roof heavy
and grey?
"Therefore," said fair
Yoland of the flowers,
"This is the tune of Seven Towers."

NO one walks there now;
Except in the white moonlight
The white ghosts walk in a row;
If one could see it, an awful sight,—
"Listen!" said fair Yoland of the flowers,
"This is the tune of Seven Towers."

BUT none can see them now,
Though they sit by the side of the moat,
feet half in the water, there in a row,
Long hair in the wind afloat.
"Therefore," said fair Yoland of the flowers,
"This is the tune of Seven Towers."

The Tune of Seven Towers
Verses 1-3

The Tune of Seven Towers
Verses 4-6



If any will go to it now,
He must go to it all alone,
Its gates will not open to any row
Of glittering spears: will you
go all alone?
"Listen!" said fair Yoland of the flowers,
"This is the tune of Seven Towers."

By my love go there now,
To fetch me my coif away,
My coif and kirtle, with pearls arow,
Oliver, go to-day!
"Therefore," said fair Yoland of the
flowers,
"This is the tune of Seven Towers."

I am unhappy now,
I cannot tell you why:
If you go, the priests and I in a row
Will pray that you may not die.
"Listen!" said fair Yoland of the
flowers,
"This is the tune of Seven Towers."

If you will go for me now,
I will kiss your mouth at last;
[She sayeth inwardly]
(The graves stand grey in a row,)
Oliver, hold me fast!
"Therefore," said fair Yoland of the flowers,
"This is the tune of Seven Towers."

HERE ends the Ballad of The Tune of Seven Towers and Here follows the Ballad of The Gilliflower of Gold

The Tune of Seven Towers
Verse 7

The Gilliflower of Gold

Golden gilliflower to-day
I wore upon my helm
alway,
And won the prize of this
tourney.
Hah! Hah! la belle jaune
giroflee.

HOWEVER well Sir Giles might sit,
His son was weak to wither it,
Lord Miles's blood was dew on it:
Hah! Hah! la belle jaune giroflee.

ALTHOUGH my spear in splinters flew,
From John's steel-coat my eye was true;
I wheel'd about, and cried for you,
Hah! Hah! la belle jaune giroflee.

YEA, do not doubt my heart was good,
Though my sword flew like rotten wood,
To shout, although I scarcely stood,
Hah! Hah! la belle jaune giroflee.

The Gilliflower of Gold
Verses 1-4

The Gilliflower of Gold
Verses 5-8

MY hand was steady too, to take
My axe from round my neck, and break
John's steel-coat up for my love's sake.
Hah! Hah! la belle jaune giroflee.

WHEN I stood in my tent again,
Arming afresh, I felt a pain
Take hold of me, I was so fain—
Hah! Hah! la belle jaune giroflee.

TO hear: "Honneur aux fils des preux!"
Right in my ears again, and shew
The gilliflower blossom'd new.
Hah! Hah! la belle jaune giroflee.

THE Sieur Guillaume against me came,
His tabard bore three points of flame
from a red heart: with little blame—
Hah! Hah! la belle jaune giroflee.

OUR tough spears crackled up like
straw;
He was the first to turn and draw
His sword. that had not speck
nor flaw.
Hah! Hah! la belle jaune giroflee.

BUT I felt weaker than a maid,
And my brain, dizzied and afraid,
Within my helm a fierce tune played,
Hah! Hah! la belle jaune giroflee.

UNTIL I thought of your dear head,
Bow'd to the gilliflower bed,
The yellow flowers stain'd with red.
Hah! Hah! la belle jaune giroflee.

CRASH! how the swords met, "giroflee!"
The fierce tune in my helm would play,
"La belle! la belle! jaune giroflee!"
Hah! Hah! la belle jaune giroflee.

The Gilliflower of Gold
Verses 9-12

The Gilliflower of Gold
Verses 13-15

ONCE more the great swords met again,
"La belle! la belle!" but who fell then?
Le Sieur Guillaume, who struck down ten;—
Hah! Hah! la belle jaune giroflee.

AND as with mazed and unarm'd face,
Toward my own crown and the Queen's place,
They led me at a gentle pace—
Hah! Hah! la belle jaune giroflee.

I almost saw your ~~your~~ quiet head
Bow'd o'er the gilliflower bed,
The yellow flowers stain'd with red—
Hah! Hah! la belle jaune giroflee.

HERE ends the Ballad of
The Gilliflower of Gold

HERE endeth the Book: Pre-Raphaelite Ballads, written by William Morris, and now newly done into type from the original text, being embellished with many decorative borders, illustrations and initials by H. M. O'Kane, and published by A. Wessels Company at Nine West Eighteenth Street in New York City: August, MDCCCC